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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTEEN

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The BOYS™

THIRTEEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

part three

THESE THE ONES M.M. TOOK?

NINA'S MATE. THE SEPTIC.

WHERE HAVE I SEEN YOU BEFORE, YOU...

D'YOU REALLY THINK SHE'S GONNA TRY AN' BRING DOWN THE GOVERNMENT...?

THE MUSCLE SHE HAD IN THAT WAREHOUSE, IT'S EITHER THAT OR A MOVE ON THE MOSCOW RACKETS. EIGHTY PERCENT OF WHICH SHE RUNS ANYWAY; THROWIN' A HUNDRED AN' FIFTY SUPES AT THE OPPOSITION'S PURE OVERKILL.

BUT SURELY SHE COULD NEVER DO *THAT*, LIKE...

SOMEONE'S CONVINCED SHE COULD.

TOLD HER TO GET US OUTTA THE WAY AN' ALL, SO HE KNOWS US. YOU GET UP TO ANYTHING DODGY WITH SUPES, WE'RE THE ONES'RE GONNA THROW A SPANNER IN THE WORKS.

SO WHY THE FUCK CAN'T I REMEMBER HIM...?

HHHHH--

HHHHHHH--

HHNNNHHH--!

AAWWW...!

Text Message

From: Rayner

TELL B TERMINATE

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WAS ASKIN' PERMISSION, MONKEY?

LISTEN', IT'S HARD TO--I'M AT THE--

I KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.

CUT THE OLD HOLE IN THE BOTTOM A' THE POPCORN, HAVE YOU? YOU DIRTY LITTLE ARAB...!

NNOOO--!

SORRY IF I PUT YOU OFF YOUR STROKE...

I'M, LOOK, I'M SURE ALL THE DIRECTOR WAS TRYING TO DO WAS ASSURE YOU OF HER SUPPORT, SHE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE INTENDED ANY SLIGHT--

'COURSE NOT. JUST LIKE I'M SHARIN' WHATEVER INTEL I RUN ACROSS DURIN' THE INVESTIGATION.

BUT YOU ARE GOING TO K--

PARTNERSHIP OF EQUALS, INNIT? ANYWAY, GOTTA GO.

FUCKING *BUTCHER.*

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT THE SUN WAS SHINING--

IT TURNS OUT IT'S ACTUALLY POURING WITH RAIN.

IS THIS HIM NOW...?

IS IT?

IT BLOODY IS, YOU KNOW.

FUCK ME.

EH?

NOTHIN', MATE, IT'S THIS FUCKIN' CAMERA. I CAN NEVER REMEMBER HOW YOU WORK IT.

WHO'S THIS HE'S TALKIN' TO NOW, THEN?

YO.

ALL RIGHT, MATE?

FRENCHIE SAYS HE SMELLS EXPLOSIVES IN THE VAN.

PLASTIQUE, MAYBE SEMTEX OR C4. ALSO SOME KINDA PERFUME--CHEAP-ASS SHIT AN' PLENTY OF IT.

IS THAT TO COVER THE SMELL...?

ONE WAY A' DOIN' IT, I SUPPOSE.

RIGHT, WE'RE GONNA STAY WITH THE VAN. YOU LOT TAKE THE WANKER ON FOOT--AN' KEEP WELL BACK, I'VE A FUNNY FEELIN' ABOUT THIS ONE.

RIGHT.

FUNNY FEELIN'?

FINGER OUT, HUGHIE. TELL BORIS TO FOLLOW THAT CARSKI.

OH FUCK, AYE, WHAT'S THIS IT WAS AGAIN...?

RUSSIAN

PHRASEBOOK

REMEMBER THE FIVE EX COMPLICATIONS AND ONE EX-DOG? THREE OF THEM HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR THE PAST HALF-HOUR.

OH?

I ONLY JUST LOST THEM. I'M LUCKY I SPOTTED THEM AT ALL, THEY ARE VERY, VERY GOOD.

AND NOW YOU THINK I HAVE BUNGLED THE JOB. LITTLE NINA IS JUST ANOTHER IVAN AMATEUR, YOU ARE THINKING.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRY CONVINCING ME OTHERWISE...?

I WOULD LIKE TO STITCH YOUR BALLS TO YOUR BELLY, YOU TAKE THAT TONE WITH ME. YOU THINK I DON'T READ THE FILE YOU GAVE ME? THINK I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HANDLE FUCKS LIKE THESE?

I KNOW THEY ARE ALIVE. THEY PUT MY DRIVER IN HOSPITAL LAST NIGHT. THEY THINK THEY ARE SAFE BECAUSE THEY TAKE OUT THREE SHOOTERS: SO THEY RELAX.

THAT IS THEIR MISTAKE. THEY FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH.

YOU UNDERSTAND?

I DO NOW. I'M ON MY WAY BACK TO THE HOTEL AS WE SPEAK, I'M GOING TO HAVE AN EARLY NIGHT.

YOU CAN FIND ME THERE IF YOU NEED ME.

KAH

(AIRPORT.)

МОСКВА · ШЕРЕМЕТЬЕВ

JINGS...!

CHRIST, WHAT A PAIR A' SLAPPERS.

WHAT'RE THEY DOIN' WI' THEM?

S'POSE IT EXPLAINS THE PERFUME, ANYWAY. RIGHT, YOU GET OUT AN' FOLLOW THE CRUMPET, I'LL STICK WITH THESE TWO.

KEEP IN TOUCH.

HELLO? HELLO, CAN YOU HEAR ME? HUGHIE TO BUTCHER, ARE YOU RECEIVIN' ME, OVER?

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, MATE, JUST TALK...!

OH, RIGHT. WELL, THEY'VE ASKED SOME LAD FOR DIRECTIONS, THEY'RE HEADIN' FOR...UH...

FOR THE ***EXECUTIVE JET TERMINAL.*** SHITE, IF THEY GO IN THERE I DUNNO HOW I'LL GET IN AFTER THEM...

THE SAME WAY THEY WILL: BRIBERY.

DOLLARS, DON'T FORGET.

YOU STILL THERE?

YEAH, ON FOOT. WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M IN THE EXECUTIVE JET PLACE, THEY'RE GOIN' INTO THE BAR...

THEY'VE GOT...I THINK THEY'RE LOOKIN' AT SOME PHOTIES OR SOMETHIN'. THEY'RE ARGUIN', I DUNNO WHAT IT'S ABOUT.

I THINK THEY'RE TRYIN' TO FIND SOMEONE, THEY'RE LOOKIN' AROUND EVERYWHERE...

THEY'RE TALKIN' TO THESE TWO LADS, THEY'RE ***REALLY*** COMIN' ON TO THEM. I DUNNO WHO THEY ARE BUT THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE ALL THESE BUSINESSMEN--THEY WOULDN'T BE PILOTS, WOULD THEY?

WOULD ***PILOTS*** BE ALLOWED TO DRINK...?

FUCK KNOWS IN THIS BLOODY PLACE. IT SOUNDS LIKE THE TARTS'RE KEEPIN' 'EM OCCUPIED; SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHICH 'PLANE THEY BELONG TO.

HOW WOULD I--

FORGET IT, MATE.

HEY, THAT WAS HIM.

SAYS THERE'S A CHANCE WE'VE BEEN COMPROMISED. WE'RE TO FINISH UP AND GET OUT ASAP, HE'S ALREADY ON HIS WAY TO THE COMPANY JET. OKAY?

YOU HEAR ME?

I VERY MUCH FUCKIN' DOUBT IT.

GAAAH!!

D-D-D-D--!

BUT THEY'VE GOT THAT DEAL WITH BERETTA, AIN'T THEY.

SO THEY MIGHT AS WELL USE 'EM FOR SOMETHIN'.

YOU'RE NOT REALLY GONNA TRY FOR THAT, ARE YOU?

BLOODY CRIMINAL, THEY MAKE YOU CARRY THOSE THINGS. YOU KNOW THEY'RE FROM THE FIRST CONSIGNMENT THE ARMY SENT BACK, WHEN ALL THE MAGS STARTED SPLITTIN' AN' THAT...?

SO WHAT YOU USIN' HERE THEN, C4?

UH--I--

OR SOMETHIN' A BIT LESS CLASSY, MAKE IT LOOK LIKE LOCAL WORK...

WELL...

LOVELY STUFF.

LISTEN, DO ME A FAVOR, WILL YOU? TAKE A SCREWDRIVER AN' PUT THE INSTRUMENT PANEL BACK TOGETHER, JUST LIKE IF YOU'D FINISHED THE JOB FOR REAL.

SO WHAT I'M DYIN' TO KNOW IS, WHY'RE YOU TRYNNA BLOW UP LITTLE NINA IN THE FIRST PLACE? DEAL GO WRONG?

IT'S, UH...IT'S REALLY JUST INSURANCE IF--

FUCK ME RIGID--!

JESUS, SHE'S A DIRTY LITTLE MARE, AIN'T SHE?

SORRY, MATE, GO ON WITH WHAT YOU WERE SAYIN'. INSURANCE.

YOU SHOULD SEE THE ONE SHE CARRIES AROUND WITH HER... UM...

LOOK, THIS IS KIND OF FUCKED UP, I MEAN YOU'RE-- YOU'RE--

THE OPPOSITION?

YEAH, I AM. MATTER A' FACT, SEEIN' AS IT WAS YOUR MOB SICCED NINA ON US IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU PROBABLY KNOW EXACTLY WHO I AM.

WHO KNOWS, MAYBE YOU WERE THE ONE WROTE THE FILE ON US FOR HER IN THE FIRST PLACE...

HOW YOU GETTIN' ON IN THERE, BY THE WAY?

ALMOST DONE--!

SO YEAH, I'D LIKE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THE THING YOU'VE GOT GOIN' WITH NINA. WHAT SHE'S UP TO WITH THE SUPES IN THE WAREHOUSE, IF SHE'S REALLY GONNA DO SOMETHIN' STUPID.

NOT TO MENTION THE V VARIANT, OF COURSE, THE ONE MAKES THEIR HEADS POP OFF.

AN' I'D ALSO LIKE THE NAME A' YOUR BOSS.

THE BLOKE AT THE HOTEL TUPOLEV.

NO.

NOT THAT. NOT THAT, MAN.

JUST-- JUST DON'T ASK ME TO DO THAT, I CAN'T, I *WON'T,* I--

HMH.

FUNNY.

BLOKE I MET YESTERDAY SAID MORE OR LESS THE SAME THING.

KNOW WHAT HE SAID NEXT?

EEEEAARRRGGGHHH

BORSCHT READY SOON, BILLY. WILL BE TASTE SENSATION, I GUARANTEE.

GOOD MAN, VAS.

HUH...

WELL, YOU'D BETTER HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS, BOYS. BECAUSE IT'S VOUGHT-AMERICAN.

VRAIMENT?

BUT...

YOU GOTTA BE SHITTIN' ME.

'FRAID NOT. RECOGNISED THE BLOKE WHEN WE SAW HIM AT THE HOTEL, HE'S THE ONE SITS IN ON THE SEVEN'S MEETIN'S.

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU CAN'T HAVE AN ***AMERICAN*** COMPANY BACKIN' A COUP IN RUSSIA! THEY'RE GONNA START WORLD WAR THREE!

DON'T LET THE NAME FOOL YOU, HUGHIE. COUNTRY MEANS BUGGER ALL TO CORPORATE WANKERS LIKE THEM.

BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, YEAH, THE RESULTS WOULD NOT BE GOOD...

HOW COME YOU DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN', YOU I.D.ED HIM WHEN YOU DID?

WASN'T A HUNDRED PERCENT. BUT IT'S HIM, I'VE SEEN HIM ON THE TAPES, I KNOW I HAVE.

HE MUST BE PRETTY HIGH UP TO BE RUNNIN' A JOB THIS BIG, SENIOR EXEC OR WHATEVER...

OH, NICE ONE, VAS, I'M FUCKIN' STARVIN'...

MAMA VORISHIKIN'S SECRET RECIPE! WILL BE REVELATION AFTER YEARS OF WESTERN PIGSWILL!

CHEERS, MATE. EVERYONE EAT UP, IF THIS GOES THE WAY I THINK IT WILL IT'LL BE OUR LAST CHANCE FOR A WHILE.

TERROR-HOUND?

NAH, BIT SPICY FOR HIM. HE JUST GETS HIS BONE.

SO: PETITE NINA, SHE WILL TRULY DO THIS?

YEAH, AN' THAT'S GONNA BE THE ENDA HER.

THE COUP ISN'T THE POINT. THE ***SUPES*** THINK IT IS, 'COS THAT'S WHAT NINA TOLD 'EM, THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE GONNA GO FOR--BUT IN ACTUAL FACT, THEY'RE GONNA TRY IT AN' SHE'S GONNA STOP 'EM DEAD.

THE SHIT. COMPOUND V, THE NEW VARIANT.

IN ONE. VOUGHT BOFFINS REFINED IT 'TIL IT WAS STABLE--SORT OF--AN' YOU COULD TRIGGER THE EFFECTS BY REMOTE. NINA'S BEEN FEEDIN' IT TO 'EM FOR MONTHS.

BRAIN CHEMISTRY CHANGES SO NEURONS FIRE ON A PARTICULAR FREQUENCY; ALL YOU DO IS TUNE IN YOUR RADIO DETONATOR AN' YOU'RE LAUGHIN'...

AN' THAT'S WHAT NINA'S GOT?

IT'S WHAT SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT. IDEA IS THE SUPES RUN WILD, KREMLIN LOSES CONTROL--AN' WHEN THINGS ARE AT THEIR WORST LITTLE NINA SHOWS UP LIKE THE FUCKIN' ANGEL OF MOSCOW, BLOWS THEIR HEADS OFF WITH HER SECRET WEAPON.

AFTER THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRY THINKS THE SUN SHINES OUT OF HER ARSEHOLE. THEY GET A CHOICE BETWEEN HER AN' THE CORRUPT FUCKIN' CUNTS WHO RUN THINGS NOW, THEY'RE NOT GONNA BLOODY HESITATE.

POSSIBLY.

PROBABLY.

"TROUBLE IS, THE DETONATOR VOUGHT GAVE NINA'S TUNED TO SWEET FUCK ALL.

"THEY USED HER TO RECRUIT THE SUPES; WITH HER CONNECTIONS, SHE COULD PULL IN EVERY EVIL TWAT IN EASTERN EUROPE. BUT SHE'S NOT THE ONE THEY WANT IN CHARGE IN RUSSIA.

"SHE SENDS HER HUNDRED AN' FIFTY WANKERS ON THE RAMPAGE, SHE'S GOT NO WAY WHATSOEVER TO TAKE 'EM DOWN."

WILL BE *CARNAGE*...

SO...NINA'S JUST LIKE A PATSY, AYE? SO WHO ARE THEY TRYNNA PUT IN HERE?

FUCK, I HOPE THERE ACTUALLY *IS* A PROPER DETONATOR...!

THAT'S THE INTERESTIN' BIT.

WHAT IS?

INTERESTING BIT? YES?

BILLY?

SHITE--!

JESUS!!

WHAT...?

AW SHIT, IT'S THE FOOD--!

THEY ARE LIVING...

IT WAS YOU!!

COMING AGAIN?

YOU! YOU POISONED THE BORSCHT! YOU'RE IN WITH LITTLE NINA!

YOU WERE A SUPE, YOU WERE IN GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN! *YOU'RE ONE O' THEM!*

LITTLE HUGHIE, HOW CAN YOU THINK THIS? I AM COMRADE OF BOYS, NOT GETTING IN BED WITH SCUM!

NO, GET BACK! *FUCK OFF!*

CALM, BE CALM, BORSCHT STEWS ON STOVE ALL DAY! I GO TO DROP A LOG, *ANYONE* COMES IN AND FUCKS WITH!

SNFF SNFF

THINK, *THINK!* I EAT, YOU EAT TOO!

BUT-- BUT--

WHY ARE WE NOT OUTED? YES?

NO, YOU'VE, YOU'VE TAKEN THE ANTIDOTE, OR--

ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!

GO DOWN, LITTLE HUGHIE.

DOWN.

EH?

ARRH! ARRH! ARRH!

AAAAH, SQUAD OF BASTARDS--

GO FUCK YOUR MOTHERS SOME MORE!!

UURRAAAIII!!!

HHNNNHH!!

GAKK

AAAAH--!

AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH! AAAAH!

TOOF

COCKROACHES...!

NINA'S ASSHOLES, LITTLE HUGHIE. THEY FUCK WITH BORSCHT, THEN COME TO SHOOT WHOEVER POISON DOES NOT KILL.

KILL...?

THE STUPID BUTT PLUGS, THEY DO NOT USE ENOUGH. FORGET THAT BOYS ARE FULL OF COMPOUND V.

SO-- THEY'LL BE ALL RIGHT?

SHOULD BE. HAVE BARBED WIRE SHITS FOR DAYS, BUT LIVING.

CHRIST ALMIGHTY, THANK FUCK.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE TWO O' US WEREN'T AFFECTED, BUT...

HAVE THEORY THERE.

WHAT?!

OTHERS DO NOT DRINK, RIGHT? IN TOAST?

WELL--I MEAN--

IS ALL RIGHT, LITTLE HUGHIE. I SEE MORE THAN BILLY THINKS I SEE, LIKE ALWAYS.

BUT YOU AND I DRINK. ENOUGH IT GETS IN SYSTEM, DESTROYS THE POISON WHEN WE EAT.

HOW THE FUCK CAN IT DO THAT...?

YOU KIDDING? THIS SHIT WOULD PROBABLY KILL *AIDS* VIRUS.

ULK

ULK

ULK

HHAAAAHH!!

MAKES BALLS REVOLVE LIKE SPINNING DERVISHES...!

TAKE DRINK, COMRADE! I GO CLEAN UP--THEN YOU AND I, WE KICK ALL ASSES NEEDED!

HOW'S THAT, TERROR, DOES THAT LOOK LIKE THE RECOVERY POSITION TO YOU?

?

YOU'D BETTER STAY HERE WITH THEM AN'...BE A DOG, OR WHATEVER.

IS MUCH ASS TO BE KICKED, I THINK!

SO HOW D'YOU THINK WE SHOULD HANDLE IT ALL, VAS?

ОФИС

MUST FIND CRAZY BITCH LITTLE NINA. SHE SETS SUPES LOOSE WITHOUT WAY TO STOP, ALL MOSCOW TAKES IT UP POOP-CHUTE.

JESUS...

IS TITANIC TEAM-UP, YES? TOGETHER FOR FIRST TIME EVER?

BUT MOMENT HAS COME TO NOT FUCK AROUND. WHEN RODINU IS THREATENED, VASILII VORISHIKIN IS NOT ENOUGH.

NEVER THOUGHT WOULD PUT THIS ON AGAIN...BUT NOW...

IS LITTLE HUGHIE--

AND LOVE SAUSAGE.

next: FIFTEEN INCHES OF SHEER DYNAMITE